Faith infringed: which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.
Bero. Now ſtep I forth to whip Hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What Grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene.
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King tranformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the Boyes,
And *Criticke Timon* laugh at idle toyles.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane?* or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foote

foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a br
legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.
Ber I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaque. God bleſſe the King.
Kin. What preſent haſt thou there?
Clow. Some certaine treaſon.
Kin. What makes treaſon here?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.
Kin. If it marre nothing neither.
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together.
Iaque. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.
Kin. Berowne, read it ouer. *He rea*
Kin. Where hadſt thou it?
Iaque. Of *Coſtard.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adrimadio.*
Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes
Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his
Ber. Ah you whoreſon logger head you were bor
ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to
meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purſes in loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is euen.
Berow. True true, we are foure: will theſe Turt
Kin. Hence ſirs, away.
Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, and let the trayto
Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace